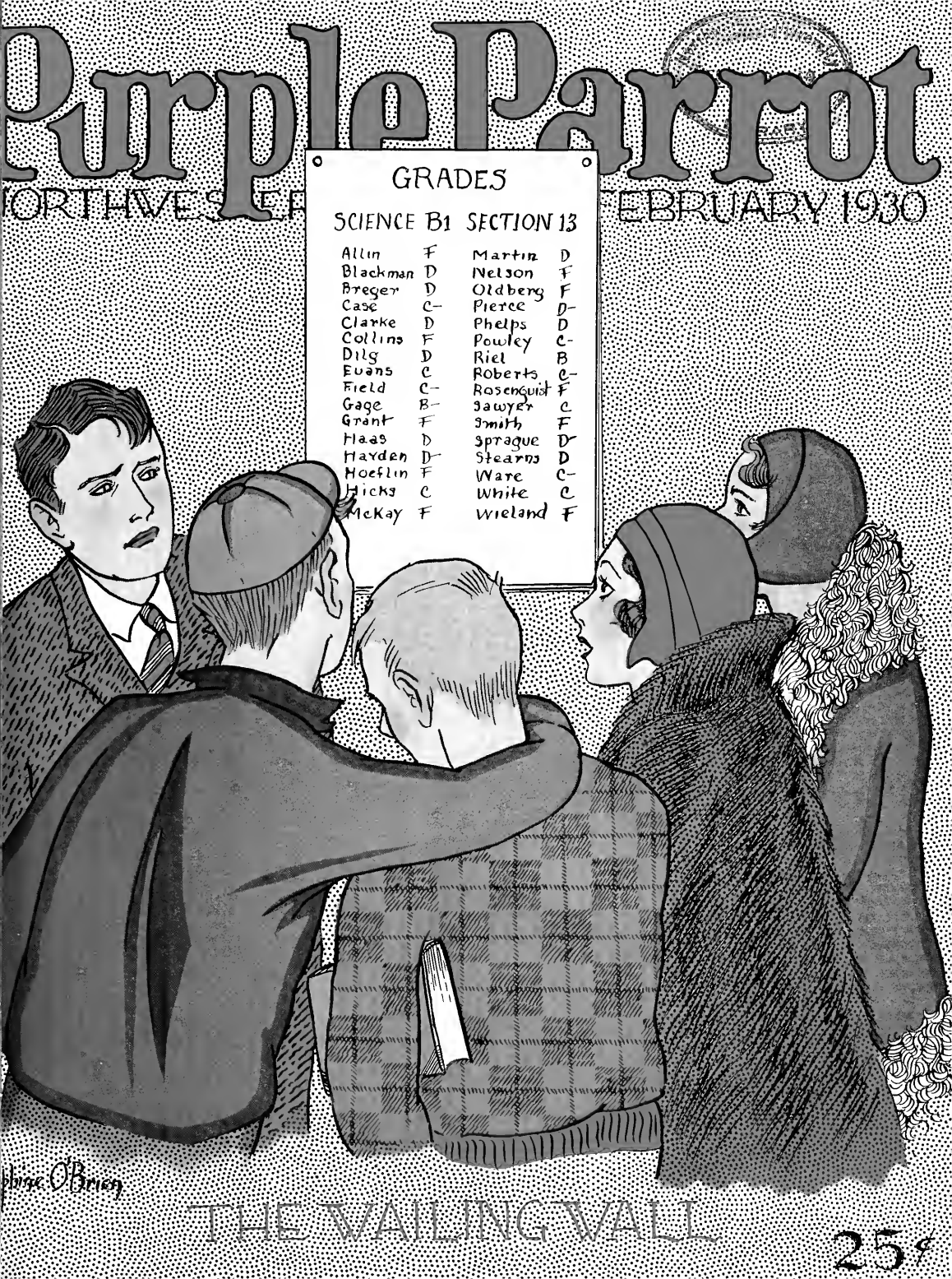
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Blackman D
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Field C-
Gage B-
Grant F
Haas D
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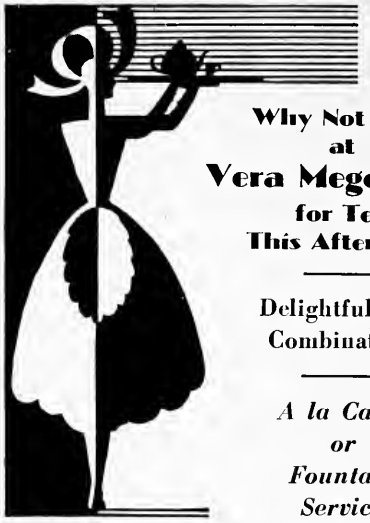

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Monday -- Up at seven and off to an eight o'clock in my new SALLY Frock. A two-piece knitted knock-out in powder blue. I bought it yesterday . . . only $15 . . . at 627 Davis Street.

Tuesday -- Finished Lab. at five and dashed to the Kappa tea. Feel quite sure my turquoise crepe SALLY Frock made an impression.

Wednesday -- Met Jim in town at seven. Dinner at the Bal. He invited me to the Sig Formal Saturday. That means another new frock. Well, I'll invest in a SALLY Frock for $15!

Thursday -- Went in to town again. This time to the Opera . . . with five of the sisters. We made an interesting discovery. Four of us were wearing SALLY Frocks!

Friday -- The gang assembled at seven for the Alphagam sleighride. Much tooting of horns and I was glad to be A.T.P. (Among Those Present) . . . in my new SALLY Frock.

Saturday -- The Sig dinner dance. I never enjoyed a dance as much. Was it my new SALLY Frock (a flame colored moire which hung way to the floor and which Jim said was a vision!) . . . or was it . . . Jim?

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SECOND FLOOR

A gentleman, pretty well perfumed, picks up the telephone.

"Hello! Hic. Hello!"

"Hello," returned the operator.

"Hello!"

"Hello."

"My gosh!" said the gent, "how this thing echoes!"

Army and Navy Journal.

Frosh: I just knocked my Chem quiz cold.

Soph: Really?

Frosh: Yea, about zero!

Bison.

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By logic. The more you study, the more you know. The more you know, the more you forget. The more you forget, the less you know. Now start from the other end. The less you study, the less you know. The less you know, the less you forget. The less you forget, the more you know. So why study?

Bison.

Wife (in letter home): I have a fine room here with running water.

Husband's Answer: Leave that Indian and come home at once.

Bison.

YOUR TELEGRAPH

FLORIST

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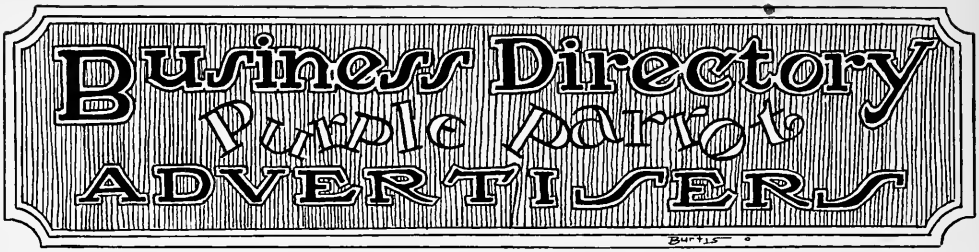

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AIRPLANES:
Great Lakes Aircraft Corporation.....27

BEAUTY SHOPS:
Evanston Beauty Shop.....30
Georgian Hotel Beauty Shop..... 2
Marie Lehn 28
Marnette Salon 4

BOOKS:
Chandler's, Inc. .....Inside Front Cover

CIGARETTES:
Chesterfield 29
Lucky Strike .....Back Cover

CONFECTION:
Life Savers 30

DEPARTMENT STORE:
Lord's 2

DINING PLACES:
La Fonda Sandwich Shop..... 5
Log Cabin 28
North Shore Hotel Coffee Shop..... 3
Vera Megowen Tea Rooms..Inside Front Cover

FLOWERS:
Alexander, Florist 4
London's 32
John Weiland 3

GARAGE:
Service Garage 30

HOTEL:
The Orrington 5

JEWELER:
Lee Nelson 28

MAGAZINE:
College Humor .....Inside Back Cover

MEN'S FURNISHINGS:
E. S. Ehmen.....Inside Back Cover
Hecht-Lears, Inc. .....Inside Front Cover
MacFarland's, Inc. 5
Royal Tailors 3

MISCELLANEOUS:
Coca Cola 31
Western Electric 6

MUSIC:
Carleton Kaumeyer 2

OPTICIAN:
Almer Coe & Co.....32

PHOTOGRAPHY:
Matzene Studio 32

PRINTING:
Kap's Print Shop.....28

SHOES:
Arch-Aid Shoe Shop..... 5
Kotz Shoe Stores.....28

TAILORING:
David E. Nord.....32

WOMEN'S WEAR:
Frank Sullivan, Inc.....Inside Back Cover
Jarvis Cut-and-Fit Shop.....30
Sally Frocks, Inc..... 1

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(Absolute silence.)

Host (returning indoors): That's fine.

Life.

Anybody can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw up a hand.

Cajoler.

"Pop, I want to go to college."

"What do you want to go to college for? The traveling salesmen know just as good ones."

Bison.

A Pacific Coast bootleggerette was nabbed by the coppers, who found six pint flasks in her bloomers. How's that for a kick in the pants?

Carolina Buccaneer.

"You cruel child," declared Mr. Klotz, "why did you cut that poor harmless worm in two?"

"But, Mister, he looked so lonesome," vouchsafed Tiny Tim.

Beanpot.

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If your family is journeying to the Sunny South or the Golden West, close up your lonesome home and live at The Orrington. Or, if you are experiencing cold weather discomforts, move your family into an Orrington Apartment until milder breezes blow.

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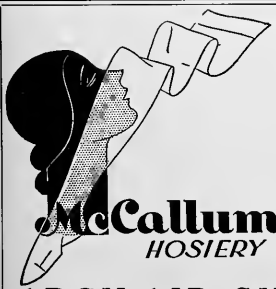

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CHURCH AND SHERMAN

Some decisions can't be put off *till tomorrow!*

The basketball player who took very long to decide between passing the ball and trying for a basket would soon lose his chances to do either.

And the man who keeps putting off his decision in the choice of a career may lose his chance to be very effective at anything. Isn't it true that not a few men up to their senior year are still very uncertain what work to take up after graduation?

The result is that many a born artist, becomes an indifferent engineer, and many a potential lawyer, a poor salesman.

Put yourself under the microscope and then—*be* yourself.

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PURPLE PARROT

VOLUME X. FEBRUARY 1930 NUMBER 5

BETWEEN THE LINES

Congratulations, dear. I'm so glad to *Same old stuff. You're just another* see you pledged. And we'll all get *dumb pledge. And so conceited you'll* along so wonderful, dearie. You say *never get along with anybody, not even* you live in Rockford? Beautiful little *a man. You say you live in Rockford?* place, isn't it? I've been there many *Never heard of the place. Must be a* times. Right on the Mississippi. You *terrible dump. Popular in high school* were a popular girl in high school, *—yeh, maybe in a joint like that. But* weren't you, darling? Don't deny it. *you got a nice new roadster and I'll look* It won't be long and the whole campus *pretty neat sitting in it. It won't be long* will be wild about you. Well, my dear, *and the whole campus will be wild about* sweet sister-to-be, I'm so sorry, but I *me. Well, ta ta, you're boring me to* must run along to do my trig. *tears.*

Calvin Coolidge writes the first word of his new United States history: Thediscoveryof Americawasanaccidentthebravesailorsoftheffifteenthcenturywhoturnedtheprowsoftheirtinyvesselsintothestrangewatersof theAtlanticwereseekinganewwaytotheIndies.

"What is this—a math assignment?"

"No, that's my returned freshman theme."

A freshman received a roadster, a kit of tools, and a set of jacks for his birthday. All he lacked was the rubber ball.

"Why is that fellow so banged up?"

"He flunked aviation."

EXAMS

Days and hours of worry,
Minutes of regret,
Months and years made sorry,
Hoping, praying, yet.

Moments of misgiving,
Little beads of sweat,
Very clever cribbing,
And gosh the grades you get.

"Did you see the Army-Stanford game? Stanford won."

"Who lost?"

Art Professor: "Now I want you to paint a beautiful love scene. And please, please, put a little feeling into it."

A drag with the prof.

TO A PROF—

O, Base Deceiver, all the bunk you threw!
The many months I suffered in your class,
Absorbing facts, irrelevant and crass,
Because they seemed to have their source in you!
The many times that I endorsed as true
Some far-fetched aphorism or whereas,
Or what-so-ever else that chanced to pass
Your lips, although 'twas hokum, well I knew!
How many times have I sat back and roared
At each stale chestnut, older than King Tut,
While all the rest sat sleepy-eyed and bored,
Calling my mirth the earmarks of a nut!
And then the final came—despite all that
You passed them all but me—and flunked me flat!

G. B.

Grocer: "Here's your fly-paper. Anything else?"

Rastus: "Yas suh, Ah wants about six raisins."

Grocer: "Do you mean six pounds?"

Rastus: "Naw suh, about six, jes enuf fo' decoys."

THE PHYSICAL WRECK

"My dear," she gushed, "I nearly died when I was in the country last summer."

"Were you ill?" he asked sympathetically.

"Was I ill? It was awful. I gained nearly five pounds!!"

The Collected Poems of Hjorvardur Skallagrimsson

CONTENTS

Frontispiece: A beautiful etching perpetrated by the poet, representing the Spirit of Poetry, or perhaps the nine Muses. This portrait was posed by Vachel Lindsay, immediately after reading the poems of Hjorvardur, when the charm of the poetry still suffused his face.

Foreword: An appreciative sketch of the poet by that eminent critic, H. H. Skallagrimsson.

The Collected Poems:

1. Epilogue.
2. Mud.
3. Chicago.

Anecdote: Having to do with the process of writing poetry.

This De Luxe Edition of the Entire Poetic Works of Hjorvardur Skallagrimsson, printed on some kind of very expensive Laid Paper, is published solely for subscribers, and strictly limited to 200,000 copies. It is unique in its completeness, containing, as well as all the shorter poems, the poet's great epic, Chicago, *having the poet's own explanatory notes and instructions for reading. In respect to this poem, a magnificent prize is offered for anyone who can find the master Hjorvardur was following as he wrote it. The prize will take the form of a 14 Karat, solid gold filled corkscrew, with appropriate engraving. As a hint to readers we might note that the poem is not an emulation of Milton's* Paradise Lost.

FOREWORD

On December 20, 1929, there flashed across the Poetic horizon, a new meteor in the shape of Hjorvardur Skallagrimsson. The early death of this poet at the hands of the International Poets Union has left us with but taste of what he might have done if he hadn't been stopped. Consequently this edition of the entire collected works of Hjorvardur (Hjorvardurbervardurhraniangantyr—as he was known to his intimates) will be of great interest to all who happen to be greatly interested. It will be seen that the poet combines the essential characteristics of Homer and Edna St. Vincent Millay, with something of Browning and Edgar Guest. There are, however, very few lines of either Shakespeare or Milton, the poet, perhaps, feeling that these were a little archaic for his uses.

As my scholarly monograph of the poet will soon be published, there is no need at this time to dwell at length on the poet's life. Suffice it to say that he is known to have been born, lived a happy normal life until the poetic frenzy took hold of him. Then he was killed. The International Poets Union was decorated by six governments for the promptness and despatch with which they acted in this time of need.

EPILOGUE

It was there that I last saw him,
Looking o'er the side
Of the cliff; his long hair waving;
Seeming now to hide
His face, now to reveal it.

The breeze caressed him
Angrily, like a jealous maiden.
The light, grown dim,
Showed his figure black against the sky,
Tall, gaunt and grim.

I crossed the heath to greet him,
Calling as I came.
He looked about and saw me.
'Twas then I saw the flame
That burned within his eyes.

He laughed—and leaped—and was gone.

MUD

Mud;
Black mud;
Thick, oozy, gloriously slimy mud.
I touch the mud.
It curls pleasantly around my toe.
I dip my foot in the mud.
It is lovely.
I wallow in the mud.

The mud hardens;
Becomes ugly—dirty.
It repels me:
It is horrible.
I try to remove the mud.
It comes off my body easily,
But
My soul is mud-stained.

CHICAGO

Six big toughs leaning on a bar,
Hard faced guys, with feet unstable,
Drank and roared and pounded on the table,
Pounded on the table.
Rah, Rah, Rah.
Beat an empty head with the handle of a jar,
Iji, ittiki, ki yi yip.
Then they got religion, then they got delirium,
Then they soaked the barkeep, right on the cranium,
Then they saw the coppers creeping in the back,
Breaking down the window with a big blackjack.
Then in the barroom
Twenty feet away,
Drunken sailors danced the sorority sway.
Then they heard the moan of the saxophone's cry,
Then they kicked the saxophonist right in the eye.
And "Beer!" yelled the guns and the dames of the gunmen,
"Beer!" yelled the pig-faced, fat bootleggers.
Whirl ye the deadly machine-gun screws,
Harry the downtown,
Steal all the booze.
Bang-bang, bang-bang,
Bing!
Sis-boom! Sis-boom! Sis-boom! Bah!
Rag 'em, scrag 'em, take 'em for a ride.
From the edge of the Loop to the far West Side.
Death is a Cadillac,
Torch-eyed and horrible,
Gun-flanked and terrible,
Boom! steal the hi-jackers,
Bang! shoot the gunmen,
Fast run the policemen
Away from the scene.
Look at Capone in the prisoner's role,

Wintering in Phila for the good of his soul.
Hear how the wardens groan and wail,
To get all their beer free, right in the jail.
Listen to the public proclamation,
Blown through the dives of the Alky-nation,
Blown through the offices of the City-Hall,
Blown downstate, where the senators crawl:—
"Be careful what you do,
Or Al Capone, God of Chicago,
And all of the other
Gods of Chicago,
Al Capone will pineapple you,
Al Capone will pineapple you,
Al Capone will pineapple you."

FINIS

In reading, the first six lines should be read tenderly and sympathetically, with an element of pathos. The next ten lines should be read in a rollicking, friendly manner. In line twenty-seven, all the "x" sounds should be deeply accented. The first lines referring to Capone, should be sung to the tune of "The Prisoner's Song." The final lines should be accompanied by appropriate explosions offstage.

ANECDOTE

A friend came to call on a well-known poet. The poet's wife met him at the door, with her finger to her lips.

"Hush!" she said. "Don't make any noise. He's upstairs, *having* a poem."

That describes it sufficiently.

"This is pie for me."
"Yeah, have another slice."

ELEGY

"Oh, weep for Marg'ret's hero—he is dead,
He will arise no more. Oh, weep, ye gay
And heartless students, for 'tis he who once
Was found enthroned high in Marg'ret's heart.
Him from that lofty spot none could displace.
His ghost is wandering on the campus still,
But where is he, the substance and the flesh
Who was so dearly loved? In what strange clime
Does he reside and why is this his fate?
Did puzzling out the instincts of the wasp
Make of this star of gridiron and of cage
A wreck so pitiful that all-kind gods
Removed him from this sphere and left instead
A ghostly counterpart to take his place?
That he who wears his clothes and name as well
Is not the valid man is evidenced:
A Latin major he would never be,
But as a Latin major roams his ghost."

M. C.

If marriage should be a partnership, Solomon's was a corporation.

Then there's the A. M. professor who, at the end of the year, gave each of his students a physical examination.

AN OPEN LETTER

Gentlemen: Has there ever been a time in your life when you have been possessed with that tired feeling? If you have then opportunity is knocking.

Lional Strongfeet has just opened his new gymnastic arena here on campus and cordially invites each and every one of you to visit him any day and see him bending car rails (with two fingers) or blowing down brick walls.

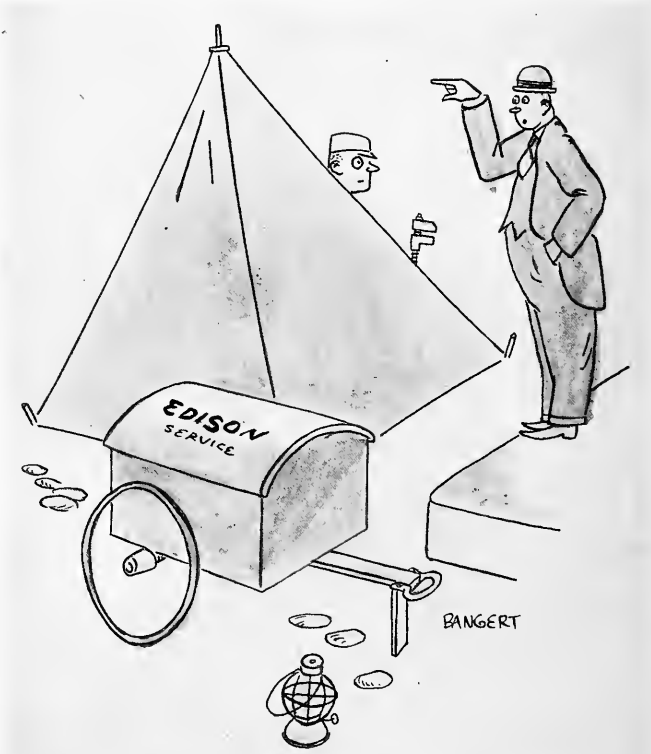
If you receive low grades from tiny professors, feel melancholy, or if you never receive Valentines there must be a reason. Lional Strongfeet can help you with your problem. Here are a few testimonials of some of his pupils:

"Some time ago I was troubled with—what shall I call it—bad breath. Even my best friend wouldn't tell me. Now, however, due to your wonderful training, he doesn't have to tell me."—B. Ware.

"Before taking your course I could not eat spinach. After seven and one-half years I find I am beginning to like cabbage."—Iva Reason.

"When I first came to you wit my troubles I was had warts on my fingetrs. Now I want to tell orhers what you have done for me. Now I got consumption, brain fever, and weak ankles."—Sue Later.

So you see, folks, these letters speak for themselves and I have not altered them in the leasr. You can pay me when I like! *Lional Strongfeet.*



"Thought I'd tell you—there's a tourist camp just outside of town."

BIG CONTEST

Open to everyone except the employees of this magazine and their children.

The rules are simple. So is the contest.

Simply fill in the questionnaire below and mail it to us with your favorite page of the Student Directory. We need new names for our date list. And as an added inducement for promptness, everyone who submits his answer on or before publication of this magazine will receive free gratis one (1) brand new 1932 Indian Head penny as soon as they are minted.

Grand Prize—Choice of yacht or set of lemonade glasses.

Second Prize—Conducted tour of East and West Women's Quads at 10:30 P. M. All expenses paid. Guide and flashlight furnished.

Next Fifty Prizes—50 new Fords, assorted. Tow chains included.

Questionnaire

1. Are juniors and seniors subject to cuts or are they not?
2. Why is convocation always called for the hour in which you have no class?
3. What does the Evanston campus need, and why are beautiful buildings necessary?
4. Who should be the next captain of the Northwestern crew?

"Had a date with Clark last night. Gosh, how that boy flaunts his learning!"

"I didn't know he was going to college. What's he studying?"

"Osteopathy."

"His is a fragile beauty."
"That's probably why he's always broke."

"Now that I have let you kiss me, do you feel better?"
"No, I still love you."

TO THE SCRAP PILE

Ay, tear her tattered fenders off—
Long have they waved on high,
And many an ear went deaf to hear
That noise go speeding by.

Beneath them rang the loosened springs,
And burst the tire with a roar;
The demon of the mountain road
Shall raise the dust no more.

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the load
Than to meet old man Bad Luck
On the bank by the side of the road.

F. G. A.

"Have a good time, Bill, and let her conscience be your guide."

MISS INKA PATOOTEE HAS HER MOMENTS

"My first impres-si-on will be that of Mr. John Barrymore in 'Uncle Tom's Cabeen.' (Business of draping self in chair. Then slight pause.) 'To be or not to be: that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler to suffer and be good or to take arms against a sea of troubles and go Mae West. No more; my mind's made up. I can be had! I will go over! I go Mae West!' "

J. H. C.

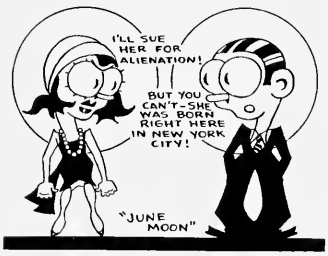
"Of course you have heard of the famous Tennessee Monkey trial."

"Why no! What were they tried for?"

THE SHOW by Alan A. Edelson

Witty comment on the theatre often brings dividends. Our friend, Mr. Benchley, wrote for nine years, not once shoving the *bon mot* aside to make room for a whispered serious word. Now, grown to a tall, handsome man with dark, curly hair, he rates checks from Sunday sheets, movietone, u. s. w. To laugh about shows at least is to be human. A good honest laugh, for instance, is a festival for the restrained rag reviewers. Amy Leslie almost set me on my back with a hemorrhage recently when she had illegitimate doubts that some play might not be a roaring hit.

Percy, the public, is duped when a critic refuses to call a bad play out-and-out apple strudel, and runs a column of windy evasion instead. Serious dramatic critics haven't much to do unless they advertise Europe, and many are lapsing into humor, which really is irony. Rag critics live by showing flairs of indifference (when a play is sure to be a hit) or trying to champion with esthetic, artificial reasons a play that theatregoers will not like.



The wise-crack seldom functions with such confidence and rapidity as in *June Moon* (Selwyn). One becomes swamped as they pour from Lucille, a shuffling, lank slice of boredom, and Maxie, the fixer, and the sweetest love duo you ever saw; meanwhile everyone is yodeling crazy tunes like "Give Our Child a Name—I Mean a Last Name." Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman at their "don't-miss-est."

The 3 Marxes turned in the seashore of *The Coconuts* for a drawing room, and pronto there was *Animal Crackers* (Grand) with but a few book changes necessary. Harpo—dumb and carrot-topped as ever—even plays the same harpy piece. Great gags with gusto, like the anvil chorus played with steamfitters' tools while Groucho wraps his coat around his waist, tends a forge, and asks: "Is there a horse in the audience?"; the Louis the 59th-DuBarry scene; and the ripping letter to be sent to the 12 Ungadinks.

I envy with all my heart those to whom Constance Collier is but big, black type. I envy those who have not seen *The Matriarch* (Princess). Since *The Royal Family,* to which it bears definite resemblance, *The Matriarch* has the best cast of the plays given here.

With Frank Vernon, Miss G. B. Stern has taken the most dramatic pages of her novel, and shaped an admirable story of Jews who stand by tradition. The Matriarch is Anastasia, the marshal of her big flock, placing her grandchildren into her scheme as soon as they see light, guiding, advising, schooling everyone to worship the family tree and the jewel trade. At her peak, comes the crash—bankruptcy —and the crown is regally passed to the granddaughter, the new Matriarch, just as the audience had known would be done.

Miss Collier makes of this omniscient woman not a scolding, hateful tyrant, but a confident, amiable, haughty veteran, whose youth is blooming even when she is reduced to the wheel-chair. Fire and domination, she is; she will live like Haidee Wright's Fanny Cavendish.

When the Orkney Islands give birth to triplets, John Drinkwater may become more than a passing dramatist. To convince the doubtful comes *Bird in Hand* (the name of an inn, not a tame ornithorhynches) at the Harris. It's a tame little piece about a stern innkeeper who refuses to allow his daughter to marry the son of a Sir, and the three boarders who make matters straight. The second act twin-bed scene between two men in pajamas, with one man painfully folding and refolding a purple robe, is human, and a good kernel around which a play could be built.

At the first act I said "ugh!" meaning "whoa!" and went away from there. It was Pauline Frederick at the Garrick, in a pill by Noel Coward. A content woman leaves her lover to become queen of some hole in the wall. He follers, foaming at the mouth, wanting kisses. Ha, ha, well anyway he gets killed.

One of those things that runs and runs is *Nina Rosa* (Great Northern). The tunes, no matter the source, are uh, huh, and so are Guy Robertson (so good as Chopin in *White Lilacs*) and the voices and comedy. This time it's Peru, and is Peru full of dastards. There's a gold mine so all the men can wear those handsome brown pants. Fast.

Street Scene (Apollo) is good reporting, but not fiction. Every character is a type, and every move of the plot is to be seen daily on the front sheets. It is rough fun and unstinted tragedy. The street is shown well, as is the nice little murder.

'SNO USE, WE'RE SNOBOUND

A problem play in one act and several scenes, some unseen, some obscene.

Setting: Down.
Time: Who cares?
Place: Ben's Refreshment Salon in Niles Center.

The musical theme you hear rendered throughout this tragedy is entitled—entitled to a lot of boos. It is played on a dark brown figotte by Floyd Eldridge.

SCENE I.

Curtain rises, disclosing a few of the Delts, keeping the home fires burning. Ware and Allin are seen playing honeymoon bridge.

WARE: How many honors did you have in that last hand, you liar?

ALLIN: I had 'em all. I'm lying.

WARE: I'm tired of this. Let's go some place.

ALLIN: Where?

WARE: Well, let's try some of Ben's beer.

ALLIN: The last time I drank it it gagged me.

WARE: You probably got some of the needles in it stuck in your throat. Let's go.

(*Exit Ware and Allin, followed by Fyfe and Van Dellen, the boy bloodhounds, who can smell liquor when there ain't none.*)

SCENE II: Ben's.

WARE: Four, Ben.

BEN: What for?

WARE: Us four.

BEN: Light or dark?

WARE: Let me guess. Don't tell me.

BEN: If I thought you were making cracks about my beer I'd throw you out on your ear.

WARE: What beer? Is that what you call this mixture of water and sour applebutter?

BEN: Outside, bum.

(*Ware goes out to come back with the news that four feet of snow have covered Allin's car. They decide that they are marooned. The boys immediately have a round on the house.*)

WARE: Let's play cards.

BEN: No you don't; we don't allow any lawbreaking in here. I want you guys to realize that this is a respectable place. You guys think that just because you stay out till ten and even ten-thirty every night everybody else does. Well, you're wrong. You city slickers can't fool me.

WARE: Listen, Ben. If we have to stay out here all night you might as well be sociable. Suggest something for us to do.

BEN: Why don't you go home and get your toothbrush?

WARE: Listen. Didn't I just drink a stein of your beer?

BEN: Yes.

WARE: Well, do you still think I need a toothbrush?

BEN: Do you mean to say that this beer rots your teeth?

WARE: It doesn't rot them; it just dissolves them.

BEN: Y'know, I don't like you.

WARE: At last we have something in common.

BEN: Outside, and stay out.

(*Exit Ware and company shouting:* We hope you drink some of that stuff yourself. We'll come for the body if you let us know.)

Curtain falls, and so do the Delts.

Dick Oldberg.

Hubby: What's the idea of buying all these mourning dresses? You haven't lost anybody.

Wifey: No, but I thought you'd die when you saw them.

Says bloody Sandy of the MacIntosh clan: "I'd walk a mile for a Campbell."

SPORTS

Lucy Lovamup, daughter of "Pinky" Bluegill, fish food king, was exonerated in the death of her husband, "Spook," who died of pancake poisoning at the breakfast table last week. Death was declared accidental, since Lucy did not have her glasses on when mixing the batter and mistook two pounds of arsenic, four cans of rat poison and a box of matches for the pancake flour.

"Wild Bill" Kamisole, leading contender for the strap-hanging endurance contest, was declared ineligible when his wife was found following the trolley car in her Irish Mail.

AMUSEMENTS

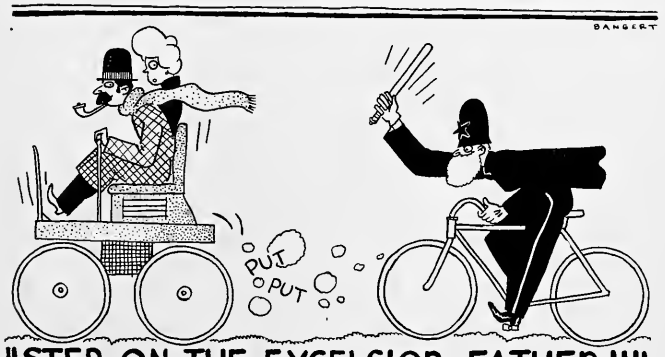
Northwestern professor flunks 98 per cent of all students in his classes. He was recently awarded a silver loving cup for his commendable services to the human race.

CRIME

Liver Pill Louie, bigamist, forger, gunman, ping-pong addict, and kindergarten snooper, was caught with "Red" Corpuscle as they were leaving the Cow's Dream Social Club for no reason whatever. He was charged with stealing a time clock from a sorority house.

FOREIGN NEWS

Archibald Snapback, mouse trap king of Cicero, Ill., was taken to the Last Word Hospital last night with a case of acute indigestion. An operation disclosed one gallon anti-freeze, a pink garter, one stein, and a horseshoe magnet. He will recover.



"STEP ON THE EXCELSIOR, FATHER !!" URGED EVELYN, "HERE COMES THE POLIZEI !"

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This *Parrot* is absolutely free from *psittacosis*. We have tried, however, to dust a few germs of laughter on its neck and hope that they will be spread to anyone who gets in contact with them. Results, except in exceptional cases, should show within two days.

February finds several persons requiring congratulations—St. Valentine, Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, and Guy Goodman. Guy Goodman, assistant alumni secretary, and famous for his more-and-better *men*-for-Northwestern campaign, is the father of a young lady, Virginia Lou. So it goes.

When you see a girl that knocks you cold, you can be sure that she has been attending the new Charm School, a strong competitor of the School of Speech. Girls are being made charming in twenty lessons and are given a certificate that entitles them to a seat in any crowded street car. A beautiful campus filled with charming girls—could it be that this is but another means of attracting more men to Northwestern?

Valentines this year are of the comical variety and are written on one-cent postcards in the students' own handwriting. Decorations consist of letters higher up in the alphabet.

By this time you have discovered your last semester's grades. So, don't take your instructor for a fool—take him for a ride.

Here we're getting a new library when we need a new gym so badly. It's a shame!

George Washington never told a lie. Then, too, he never went to college.

The forsaken February fledglings, one-hundred-fifty of them—are crawling about campus these days. The number has been limited and you will find these students the pick of their high school classes. The October freshman finds mild weather and hearty handshakes; the February freshman meets a cold, cold world. God bless him.

NEWS SCENTS

SURGERY—"Cut off the feet and use the legs of old stockings for sleeve protectors when doing cellar work." (*Home Hardware,* December.)

STRICTLY FRESH—"National Tea 30 Years Old." (Chicago *American,* December 8.)

PRE-WAR—"The stage settings were plain, but the actors and actresses had real stuff in them." (Chicago *News,* January 3.)

NEXT TO GODLINESS—"Conners Asks Trial on Sanitary Charges." (Chicago *News,* January 4.)

RUBBER—"One of the easiest ways to provide Sunday night salad is to make a dish of gelatine, with plenty of nuts and fruits. If guests drop in, this kind of salad can be stretched indefinitely." (Chicago *Post,* January 6.)

LITERARY NOTE—"Fatal Disease Spread by Parrots; U. S. Warned." (Chicago *News,* January 10.)

GIGANTIC CONVENTION—"Skyscraper Men Will Meet in the City Next Week." (Chicago *Post,* January 11.)

ABOUT TIME—"Cover Contest On for Chicago Girl." (Chicago *Post,* January 14.)

PROMINENT VISITOR—"Mona Lisa May Be Here for 1933 Fair." (Chicago *Post,* January 14.)

CAWS FOR COMMENT—"The Judge requested that the huge crows stop flooding the courtroom at the slightest indication of a hearing. Frowns appeared on the cold-bitten faces of the objectors. They had traveled many miles, patiently, tirelessly—and had pressed to the tiny courtroom to see that justice was done. The hospitality that greeted them was sour and dull." (The *Belparker,* Chicago, January 23.)

HARD DIET—"Naval Delegates to Dine on Lord Mayor's Gold Plates." (Chicago *Tribune,* January 27.)

WIS-BITS

Well, the collegiate craze is gone. First it was the run-down flivver, Oxford bags, and then the illustrated slicker. Now, according to reports from the English department, students are discarding even Webster's Collegiate Dictionary.

Chicago University is to have a special summer course in meat packing. This will be good news to Elevated conductors.

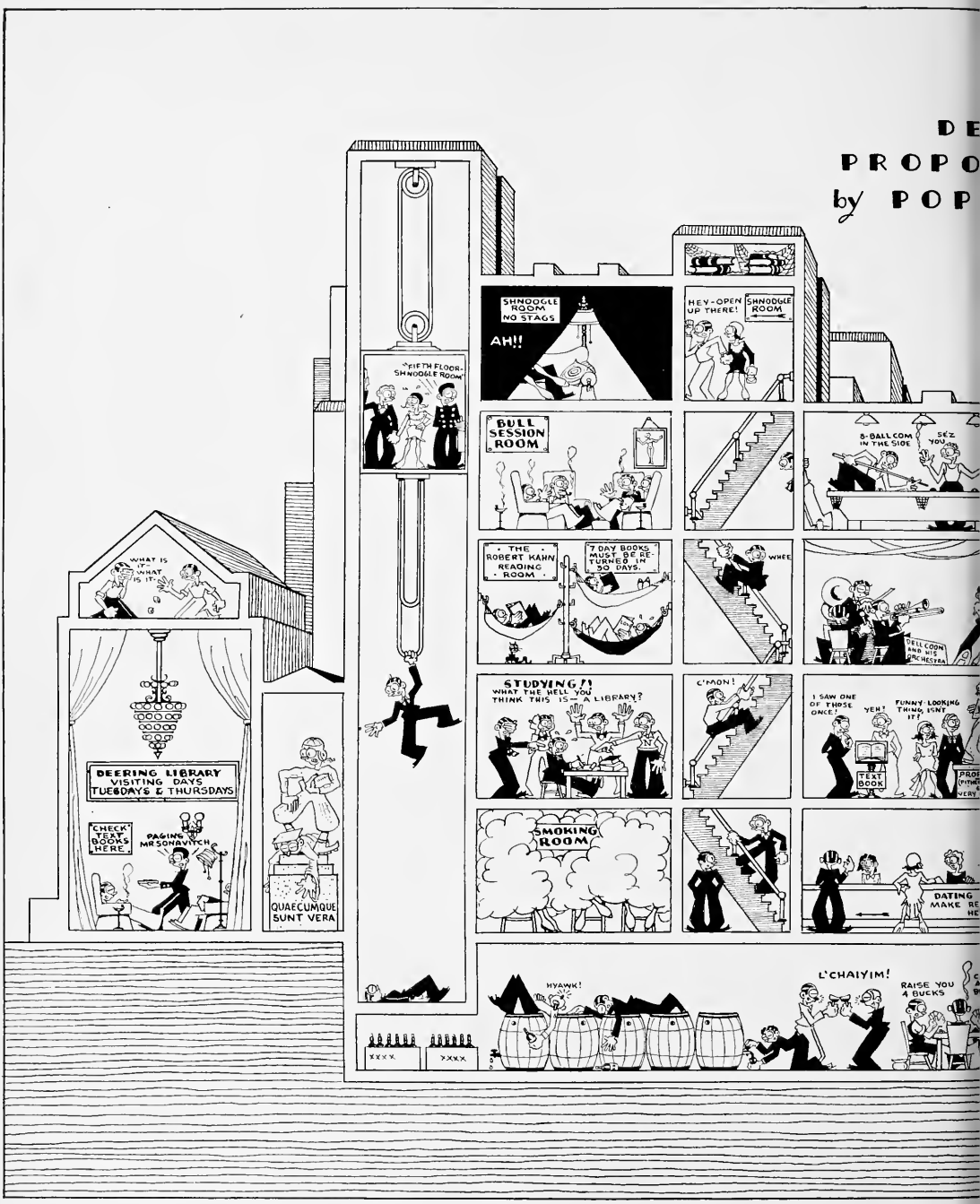
There may be no balm in Gilead, but there is certainly plenty of heart balm in the Chicago courts.

Venus was certainly a brave old girl to go wandering about the streets unarmed.

Surely you have met the poor little girl who is working her way through Joe College.

Paris says that girls should wear the dresses down to the ankles, but the girls say they aren't going to wear them any longer.

Some girls would rather stay single, but most sorority girls would rather knot.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by POP
WHAT IS IT WHAT IS IT?
DEERING LIBRARY
VISITING DAYS
TUESDAYS & THURSDAYS
'CHECK' TEXT BOOKS HERE.
PAGING MR SONAVITCH
QUAECUMQUE SUNT VERA
"FIFTH FLOOR-SHNOOGLE ROOM"
SHNOOGLE ROOM NO STAGS
AH!!
HEY-OPEN UP THERE!
SHNOOGLE ROOM
BULL SESSION ROOM
8-BALL COM IN THE SIDE
SEE YOU
THE ROBERT KAHN READING ROOM
7 DAY BOOKS MUST BE RETURNED IN 30 DAYS.
WHEE
DELL COOM AND HIS ORCHESTRA
STUDYING?! WHAT THE HELL YOU THINK THIS IS A LIBRARY?
C'MON!
I SAW ONE OF THOSE ONCE!
YEH?
FUNNY LOOKING THING, ISN'T IT?
TEXT BOOK
SMOKING ROOM
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L'CHAIYIM!
RAISE YOU 4 BUCKS
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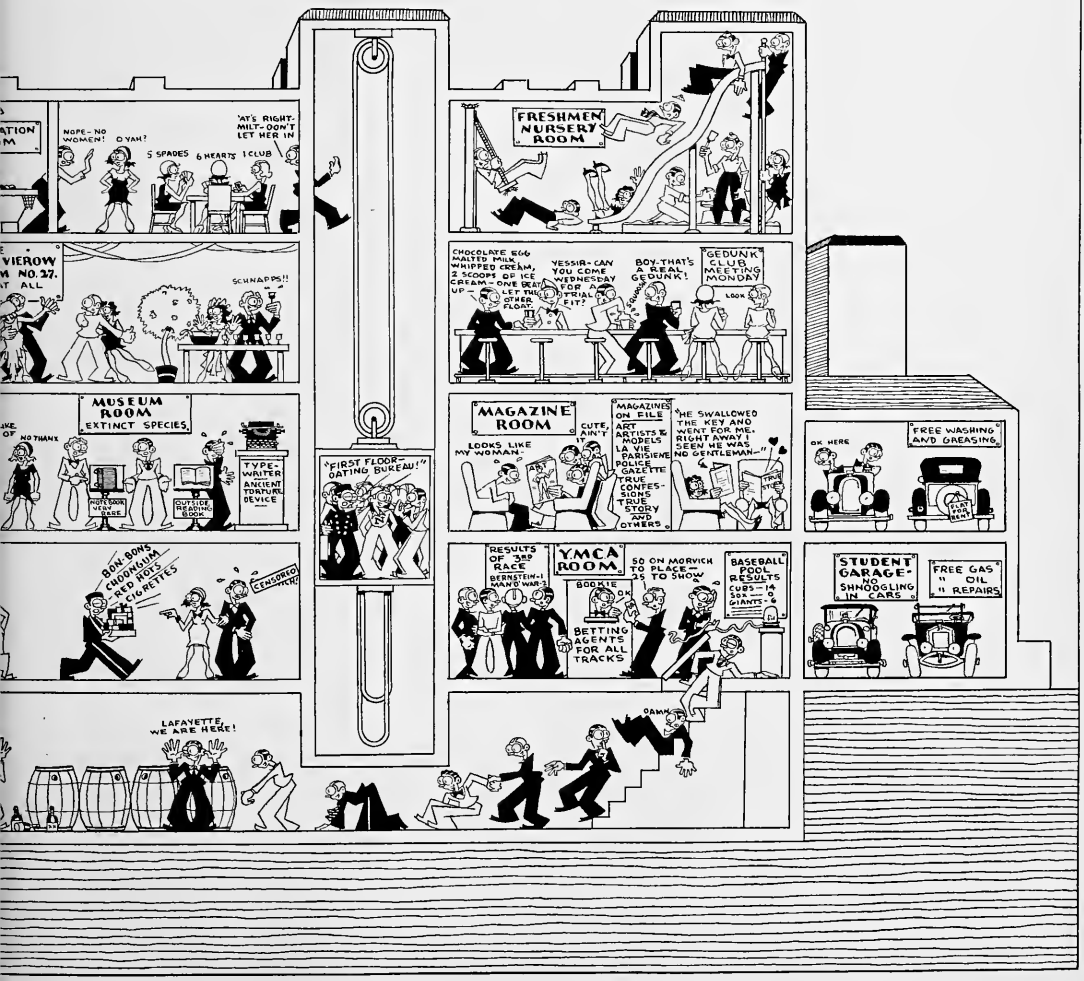


"No, Priscilla, that is not a permanent waver!"

ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale: One "polly" by a woman with green feathers who can swear like hell. Call "Teddy" at Paddy's recreation parlor.

Will trade my house-broken goldfish for most anything. Call William Tell at Applegate 6966.

6

Will trade my Phi Beta key and a thesis on horseradish for a suit of red flannels, a non-skid snow shovel, or a bright red tie. Call Dill Pickle 00-00.

Teamsters wanted; must have at least Ph.D. or C.E. degree. Uphill Transfer Co., Monday, 8:00 to 8:15 only.

Agents wanted to sell harmless, practical articles. Interesting work; must be fast talkers. Every housewife needs it! The High Diddle Diddle Co., Mnfg. toys, machine guns, and haywire. Zion City, Ill.

A. K.

"Golly, but I certainly swayed the audience," cried the whale as he collided with the show boat.

"I have twelve months to live."

"Didn't that doctor give you only a month?"

"Yes, but I went to twelve doctors."

EATS

There are eats that slip down easy,
  There are eats that make us chew,
There are eats we never view with pleasure,
  Such as hash, or pork and beans, or stew,
There are eats that give us indigestion,
  There are eats that put us all to bed,
But the eats that always make us happy
  Are the ones that we're never fed.

F. G. A.

"I'll never marry a man I don't love."

"But suppose a millionaire wanted to marry you?"

"I'd love him."

"You are my first love."

"What about Helen?"

"She was my last."

"What a beautiful wife you have, sir. If she ever becomes a widow just let me know."

Wife: I would like to go shopping today if the weather is nice. What do the papers say?

Strife: Rain, hail, wind, thunder and earthquake.

EVALUATION

A little "C," a little "D,"
  And never time to rue it;
A little campus job or two,
  And that's the way they do it.

A little pin, a lot of gall,
  A little lemon coke;
A yen for yowling "What's it worth?"
  A room-mate always broke.

A pack of Luckies—second-hand,
  A disregard for truth;
A knowing eye, a mouldy line—
  And that is flaming youth!

An aimless wonder—"What is life?"
  A high school love affair,—
And still we date 'em, wear our best,
  And make 'em think we *care*.

It isn't what you get in class,
  Or departmental knowledge,
But social contacts—that's the stuff
  A girl gets out of college.

The Philosoph.

"I'm engaged to be married and I've only known the girl two days."

"What folly!"

"Ziegfeld's."

"This will hurt me more than it will you," said father as he placed Johnny over his knee. As the youngster had boarded up the seat of his trousers, for once father was right.

"What do you think of a girl who dated her prof and got 'E' in the course?"
"She must have been a good student."

ECONOMICAL VALENTINES
Or a New Use for Old Napkins

It is at this glorious season of the year when spring is not far away and the ever-increasing sun begins to make slush that starts the spring colds to sniffling, that one's heart turns to thoughts of loved ones far and near. Then one thinks of Valentine's Day and says to oneself: "I must send off my sentiments right away." Then it is that one finds to one's chagrin that store napkins with the printed verses on them are much too much for one's purse. It is to these luckless ones that I am giving these valuable suggestions.

One can easily make one's own valentines with a little patience, scissors and lace napkin. The procedure is this: One carefully folds the paper lace napkin so that the gravy spot is on the back. Then one takes the scissors in one's hands and, doing likewise to a piece of red paper, one cuts out a pretty red heart. This one pastes on the outside of the folded napkin. It can be left plain, or have one's initials on it, or else an arrow, symbolic of the flight of time and money when one is in love.

Then, taking a fountain pen in hand, one unfolds the napkin and writes some pretty sentiment inside in one's own inimitable handwriting. One's friends never fail to marvel at the novelty and illegibility of this. For instance, for one's Scotch or other close friends one might write the following pretty verse:

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue;
I just had exams,
And I'm blue too."

Of course, one must not forget one's sweethearts. A short and delightful thought which can be copied quickly and as often as necessary is:

"O sweetheart mine, I do opine
You are my only valentine."

This is especially appreciated when accompanied by a five pound box of candy or three dozen lilies of the valley surrounded by an orchid.

Then one is always desirous of having something of a general, yet distinctive, nature to send to one's casual friends, home town chums, minister, etc. The author has found that the following, with its reminiscences of childhood days and past pleasures, is delightfully appropriate:

"The Queen of Hearts,
She drank some quarts
Of the King's own private beer.
The King of Hearts,
He missed those quarts,
So he paddled her on her birthday."

Of course, one always has one's parents in mind. Nothing is too good for them. In fact, it is charmingly different to send one's sentiments in a telegram. A novel method is to versify one's feelings somewhat as follows:

"The day's greetings, folks. Say, don't neglect
To send some dough. Please don't object.
I'm broke again, as you suspect.
That's why this message is sent collect."

This has the advantage of having the personal touch.

P. K.

THOUGHTS OF A LADY(?) DRESSING

I think I'll take an hour more—
He hasn't waited very long.
And if I thought he'd storm and roar
I think I'd take an hour *more,*
Just to watch him pace the floor.
I'm certain that it isn't wrong
To take an hour longer, for
He hasn't waited *very* long.

C.

Editor: This joke about the Irishman is ancient.

Contrib: Liar! It was a Scotchman in the one you're thinking of.

"Do you believe in the survival of the fittest?"

"I don't believe in the survival of anyone. I'm an undertaker."

"Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

"Ha, ha, that was no lady. That was *your* wife."

"Say, sonny, have you had your bottle?"

THINGS WORTH SEEING ON CAMPUS

K Square Smith keeping his Advanced Calc class past the hour the Saturday morn before Christmas so that he might prove how a damped wave passes through noodle soup. . . . The Sigs formal favors and the necks they are being worn upon. I guess a necklace with a current through it is supposed to lower one's stamina. . . . Mary Parks, the high light of Kappa Delt, telling about the magnolias. . . . The only lad who can sing "Barnacle Bill, the Sailor" is Bob Warner. If there is anything my frantic public craves more than a Phi Delt story with an accompaniment, you may write and tell me. After all, your congressman may have gone the way of Ralph Albrecht, wherever it is that that back door of Bob 'n Ernies leads. . . . If Gary Cooper's Alma Mammy is going to send up from Grinnell any more whipped creams like Fran Livermore, I am going to graduate of necessity; the competition is on the leeward even at this point. When I think of freshmen like Virginia Fling, I feel as if I had lately crawled out of an ashcan. If there is another blonde of her voltage anywhere, the Kappas should pledge her and set their Phi Bete actives—who is she—to answering the phone as the deluge begins. I must have a sterling soul. I have to have something. . . . Speaking of Fischer bodies, hadn't you noticed? I am reminded of the two hundred dollar surprise Johnny Mee will get from the Chief himself if he even sneezes near his garage. The boys with the nice blue coats, not by Finchley, watch him, and, taking the gal in a cab, is preferable to thirty days. There is a great sadness about reckless youth. . . . Grandfather—he must be by this time—Allin is at this point worth seeing because he becomes so amused when he considers it that he is unable to throw the snowball where he had first intended and then she is out of sight. . . . Dick Hinch at the Freshman Luncheon giving Jimmy O'Keefe mental—wait a minute; it must have been moral support. . . . Grace Strahl, the skirted dessert, who kind of cares for candlelight scenes. . . . Rex Wilkes, who wants to be a second Isadore Duncan, have an island, dance all morn, read all afternoon, and lounge all evening. It is a shame that so much of provocativeness may be classed under the word "lounge." Run along; the weak moments are few and the islands are all booked. . . . Charlotte Ann Coyle's orchid gown. . . . The night watchman's mustache. That is the man, you poor lass, who will take off your shoes when he catches you climbing in the window of a respectable sorority house. . . . The Phi Nu Beta detective system. . . . Gladys Miller, the smoothest frosh who ever shrieked down the well-proctored halls of Willard. . . . Harry Pritchard's baby blue sweater. Ruth Samuelson's Helen of Troy profile. . . . Ray Blanchard, who does those enviable things like having a date at the Miralago on twenty-eight cents. How much of Sig Alph tradition is that going to become. . . . Virginia Lloyd, the only A. O. Pi. who can keep a secret If she were not the only one, I might put the quietus on another cut of young love by explaining to Norma about Russ Haase's I. Q. . . . Emorie Huff's matched jewelry. . . . Wes Yates, who sings at the Varsity Cafe. . . . His fellow citizen in Beta Theta Pi, one Dink Garner, who came down from Beloit so that there would be a larger library which he might use as headquarters. More pin-conscious gals have forgotten Herskovit's assignment long enough to breathily inquire as to Mr. Garner's origin than I have time to bother answering. I might work my way through school on just such a business if I should get any more weak-minded and turn Doris Blake. In that case, I should probably be required to forget Dink and explain Jim Sweeney, the terror of Peoria. . . . Madeline Bunce reading "Highland Mary" for Prof Lardner. . . . Perhaps there is nothing guaranteed to amuse you, but stand in the quad at one-thirty a frosty morn and watch the K. D. house mother as she calls and calls for Betty to let her in. Of course, she got in. You should ask. . . . Hal Boyer's writing verse—I did not say poetry. The Last Word in the greatest campus newspaper eats up his contribs under the name of Hal I. Tosis, but then, each time they drag an issue through the press, they humor someone. . . . Clarence Nichols looking tedious in the libe Christmas vacation, but being almost as noisy as the librarians. . . . One of these days you'll have actual news, gals and Sig Alphs, so you might as well know that it is about to leap at you—the return of Stuart Bright McLaughlin. . . . Bill Covode's mother's diamond Delta Zeta ring. . . . Art Kneupfer's "Bells of U. H." . . . The wallets from the Pi Phi party which cannot possibly last as long as the crests upon them, considering in what cause they will undoubtedly be used. Federal Reserve Girls. . . . The D. G. who needs the most watching because she cut her hair at an hour nigh upon the New Year with the manicure scissors. This is the off day for puns, but I give you permission.

"I don't know what to do. If I pretend I don't understand his jokes he takes me for a dumbbell. If I pretend I do understand and don't laugh he takes me for a prude. And if I laugh at them he thinks I'm an evil-minded little slut. Ah me, it's a tough life!"

Pastor: Let us now pray for our weal.

The Gathered Flock: Lord, bless our weal chops.

Harken to this gory tale. If you have a weak heart or dislike the taste of blood sausage, stop!

A husband paces the floor. It is midnight. In his night shirt he makes a gloomy picture against the gray sky. His face is lined with wrinkles and his nightie is lined with silk. But even so, he is not happy. For only that morning his wife had hocked the triplets and had placed the money in a gum slot.

He draws out a pistol from the watch pocket and places it against his temple. He is about to shoot when—

"Herbert! Don't shoot! Don't shoot yourself! Please! Please! Please! Think of me—think of your little wife—"

Bang!

Herbert walked across the room. He had thought of his little wife.

"I think I ought to go in the talkies."

"What's keeping you out?"

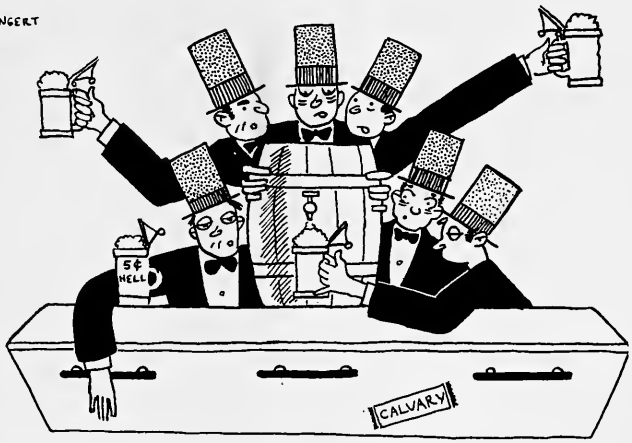
"Seventy-five cents."

"Come up and shut off the electric refrigerator immediately, or we'll all be ill."

"Gas leaking?"

"No! My girl is making ice box cake."

Another good chicken gone wrong.



Here, or, here
We bury the beer
Of the barrels of many a happy year!
Spectators we
Of prohibition be
We bear beer to his bier in eternity.
Chorus: **Hic, oh, hic.**

Policeman: Why did you shoot that monkey?

Man: He was annoying me.

Policeman: Hmm! What's your business?

Man: I, sir, am an insurance agent.

Policeman: Ha, ha, ha!

Man: What's the matter?

Policeman's gun: Bang, bang, bang!

"Did you know my second cousin?"

"You mean your cousin once removed?"

"Naw, three times removed."

"Three times?"

"Yeh! Twice to jail and once to the morgue."

Bye, bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's going a-hunting
To find at least a fifth of gin
To keep his Baby Bunting in.

Editor (after half-hour telephone conversation): Now I've told you everything that's going to be in the next edition of my magazine. When is it going to appear in the papers?

Voice: Papers? This ain't going to get in no paper. I just want to know whether or not I should buy the damn magazine.

It was midnight. In the smoking-room of a fashionable club a young man sat huddled in a chair. A friend entered.

"Hello, Smith," he said cheerfully. "Not going home?"

"No," muttered the despairing one. "I—I daren't."

"Why, what's the matter?"

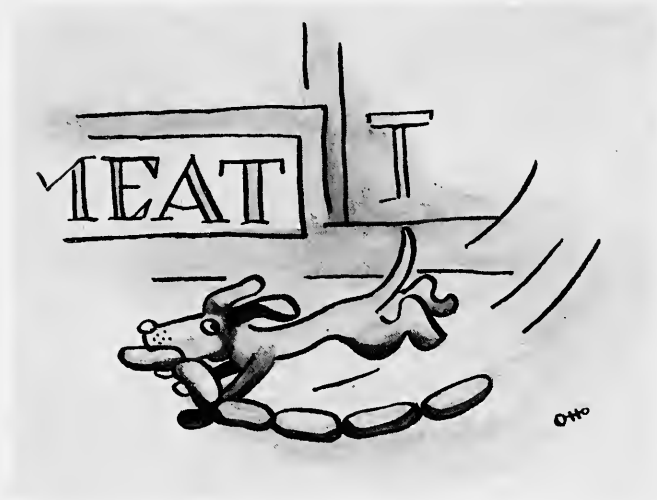
"Matter! At eight o'clock I telephoned my wife and gave her a perfectly good excuse for staying out late—and now I've forgotten what the devil I said."

Mr. Pewee: "Why did you get me such big shirts? These are four sizes too large for me."

His wife: "They cost just the same as your size, and I wasn't going to let a strange clerk know I married such a little shrimp as you."

The other day Patrick came to the hospital to see a sick friend. Meeting a nurse in the corridor he asked if he could see his friend, and how he was. The nurse returned in a few minutes, and said that his friend Mike was "convalescing."

"Oh, sure, that's all right," said Pat, "I'll wait until he's through."



Brothers beneath the skin.

BLABBY ATTITUDES

Blessed are the poor in spirits, for theirs is the wine of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall receive comforters.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit their fathers' trousers.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst, for they shall need no eighteen-day diet.

"My eighteen-day diet is ruined! Ruined!"

"How come?"

"I was supposed to have only one cherry for lunch."

"Yes?"

"But there was a worm in it."

A Friend: Did a train hit your car?

Owner of Modern Small Car: No. My room-mate didn't like to see it standing under the bed, so he threw it out of the window.

MERRY WIVES

Hopper had four wives in a clique;
Solomon with wives sure did reek.
But Reverend Wise
Wins the first prize—
He marries a couple a week.

"I want a book with love interest."

"Have you seen our line of beautiful check books?"

"What's all the meat lying about?"

"Oh, I invested my money in an aerial butcher shop and the bottom fell out of the market."

"Harry is a high-class taxi driver."

"You mean he's a high-price taxidermist—get into his cab and he'll skin you alive."

FRATERNITIES

There are a great many of these groups on the campus and in order to avoid needless inconvenience, trouble, and annoyance it is advisable to join one of them the first week or so. In this way the newcomer dispenses with the necessity of much argument and will be left in comparative tranquillity. The number of fraternities has been increased materially of late due to the recently adopted custom on the part of the S.A.E.'s of dividing their freshmen delegations into 100 divisions of 40 men each and forming new chapters. Most of the fraternity houses look alike. This was done for the purpose of confusing visiting brothers and in order to put all the fraternities on an equal basis. The plan worked admirably until the Phi Delt's pledged Tiny Lewis and the Delt's redecorated their house using Cooley's Cupboard (Chicago Ave.) as a motif. NOTE: In addition to their two Evanston houses the S.A.E.'s have leased the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st floors of the Stevens Hotel in Chicago to take care of their Sophomores.

N. F.

Radio announcement: "Seventy thousand odd people are watching the Stanford-Army game today."

"Didn't you have a two-door open car?"

"You must be mistaken. That one was foreclosed."

Wesley dragged Harriet to the dance.

SPOON RIVER APOLOGY

As Mr. Masters would not write it

I, Edgar Lee Masters, wrote Spoon River,
And forever am I marked among men.
Pattern of miseries,
Collection of skeletons,
The critics called it,
And with their wild words they made my Ruin.

With the best of intentions I took the
Pulse of the Nation,
And from my soul I prescribed my
Little tablets of condensed misery,
Ready to be reached for instead of a sweet
By a public that orders its dinners
By number
And its wives
By shape.

Alas! It was not a cure, but a
Stimulation, and in compassion and the hope
Of yet curing those literary evils,
I wrote the New Spoon River.
That killed my reputation altogether—
Ah, gentle souls with good intentions,
Never try to write poetry.
Never!

Merciless exposure of the great American
Interior, some men called my work.
There was my great mistake.
You would not believe, that these lines on Spoon River
Were dead true—
Truly dead, you said.
Were I to write again it would not be of
Spoon River and its people,
But of the City, where my dull
Eyes see a million miseries more.
A million miseries more.

ANNA HOZANNA

Ah, sad history mine.
For thrift we lived on West Twenty-second Street
And for bargains I bargained my soul.
Not to Marshall Field did I go shopping on
Fashionable afternoons,
But early in the morning to the Boston Bargain Basement
I would go—
To save pennies.
Were it not for one thing we should have been
Ten times millionaires.
I could not make up my mind what to buy;
There was always the deadly fear of something
Cheaper in the next store.
So I wandered through all the
Bargain basements
Till I starved
To death.

ROGER PARK

It was morning when the manager,
Yowling with surprise,
Found me in a telephone booth—
Dead.
I was a magnetic personality.
And the night before, I wandered into
Walgreen's, and was welcomed there,
As always:
Four slugs I bought to call Lucille
And as the last one tinkled down I still had the
Wrong number.
I held the receiver in one hand, then the other,
Till the cord was 'round my neck,
And when my knees wobbled with rage,
I hanged myself
Then and there.

JOE COLLEGE

The note of acceptance said that I would make
Pleasant contracts.
I entered as a freshman, and flunked algebra,
And twice again flunked it.
But I pulled myself together, and finally made an A,
Continued making A's, graduated, and took another
Year; wrote a thesis
On the past participle of some verb,
And am now a master.
Hell, if only I had flunked again!

Don Dunn.

"The mercury has jumped from 76 to 92."

"Quick, sir. Buy me a hundred shares."

SUCCESS

The operation for the rejuvenation of youth has been performed on the seventy-year-old patient. As he comes from under the influence of the ether, he begins to weep bitterly.

A kind-faced nurse bends over him. "Don't be distressed," she says comfortingly. "The operation is a complete success in every detail. When you leave here you'll be feeling ever so many years younger."

But the old man only continues to wail, the tears rolling down his cheeks, and losing themselves in his white whiskers.

"Don't cry," pleads the nurse. "The pain you feel now will soon pass away."

"I'm not crying because of the pain," explains the disconsolate one between his racking sobs; "I'm afraid I'll be late to school."

Before he was married he thought of settling down.

After the wedding all he thought of was settling up.

SONNY BOY'S DIARY

Jan. 1st—Cracked ice, towels, and more cracked ice.

Jan. 3rd—A. M.—Inventory: four cases empty beers; *eight* empty and *two* full Bourbons; a broken chandelier; two undershirts; eight broken radio tubes; forty pounds of plaster; and two dead bodies. Some party!

P. M.—*Ten* empty Bourbons.

Jan. 4th—Left for school. Met some nice people in the cattle car.

Jan. 5th—Stopped in Cicero for a visit.

Jan. 6th—Triple cuts.

Jan. 7th—Recited in social science class.

Jan. 8th—Petitioned for reinstatement.

Jan. 9th—Went over to Peggy's. Talked to the parrot.

Jan. 10th—Poisoned the parrot.

Jan. 11th—Mother's birthday. Sent her a telegram: "Happy birthday—send me ten bucks."

Jan. 12th—Went to church. Made four bucks parking cars.

Jan. 14th—Psych. prof told me I was dropped for overcutting.

Jan. 15th—Went to Wilmette harbor with Peggy. Saw my Psych. prof.

Jan. 16th—Reinstated.

Jan. 20th—Went to Morton Grove for a case of gin.

Jan. 21st—Landlady turned in a riot call.

Jan. 22nd—Serenaded the Delta Zeta house. A black eye, fourteen alarm clocks, three wooden legs, two quarts alky, and five spittoons.

Jan. 23rd—Landlady kicked me out for having a nervous breakdown (blonde) in the parlor.

Jan. 25th—Bought a pair of glasses for studying; also a long distance pair for finals.

Jan. 28th—Went out with a Pi Phi. Took a final in capacity and equilibrium.

Jan. 30th—Worried over exams.

Jan. 31st—Went out with a Tri Delt. Whoopee! To hell with finals.

A. K.

"I can see the ruin of aviation."

"How so?"

"The manufacturers of one-man automobile tops have gone into the parachute business."

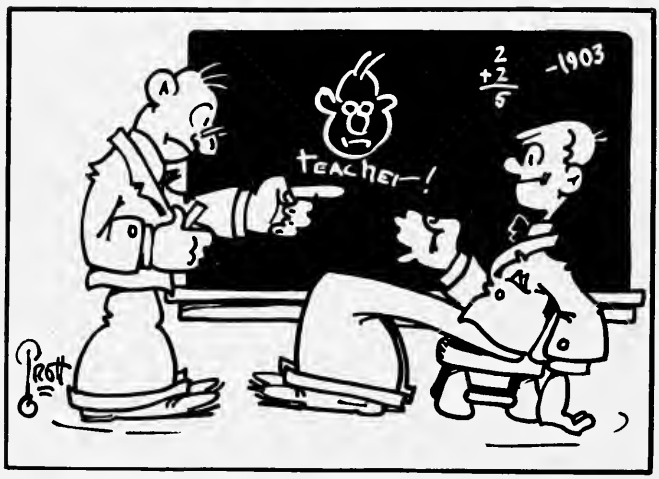
"Say, butcher, those chickens you sold me were nothing but skin and bones."

"I told you that everything was greatly reduced."

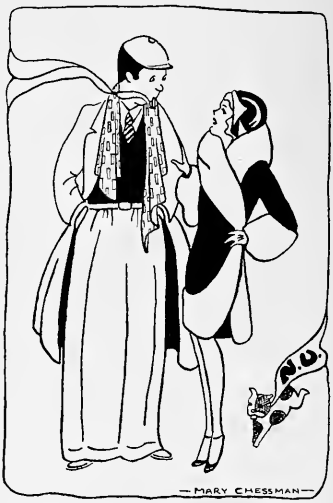
ON GUARD, MEN

Prof: We will now name the species of animals beginning with man. What comes after man?

Class: Women.



"Mr. Smith, how many more times must I warn you about coming in late?"
"I don't know, sir. How many more recitations are there?"



"I wouldn't be angry with Cele. She's so good she'd give her heart away."
"That's just it. She's been giving it to everybody."

"And then he went around a corner on two wheels."

"He certainly must be a reckless automobile driver."

"No, he's a motorcyclist."

At the opera a great prima donna
Cried, "Heavens, my voice is a goner."
But a cat in the wings
Knew just how she sings,
And finished the solo with honor.

"This is station WWAE broadcasting the Boys' and Girls' Anti-Cigaret League program through the courtesy of Old Golds."

"Where did you get your start in life, sausage?"

"From the ground up."

Dean: With what rock are your students most familiar?

Geologist: The Blarney stone.

DIRGE

Been flunked by every prof in school;
Girls cast me aside in glee.
I'd tell about my ridicule,
But even words fail me.

THE MONTH in BOOKS

Josephine O'Brien

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN
Katharine Brush
(Farrar & Rinehart)

"He was twenty-six. He had been born at high noon on a Fourth of July, at a summer resort; and everything in his life had been like that. Confusion, color, glamour—these things attended him always. Or perhaps it was that he created them as he went along. There was an excitement about him, subtly contagious. Where he was things happened, . . ."

Such is the hero of *Young Man of Manhattan,* Toby McLean. And the book is like that, too—brilliant and amusing, but quite inconsequential. Miss Brush's style is of the highest journalistic type; it is swift and facile, its sentences flow smoothly to the inevitable happy ending. But it *is* journalistic. One has the feeling, when at last he closes the book—for it is impossible to put it down until it is finished, such is the insidious charm of its style—of having read a "feature article." It is all there—the human appeal, the heart interest, the unconventional characters.

The plot concerns itself with the tumultuous careers of two young journalists, who happen to be married and violently in love. They quarrel, and repent; quarrel, and "part forever." The last chapter finds them in each other's arms, happily perched on the white wooden table in their kitchenette.

Here is the novel that Toby McLean was always going to write "the day after tomorrow. Or the day after that. Or next week, when the six-day bicycle race at the Garden is over."

Josephine O'Brien.

BLACK ROSES
By Francis Brett Young
(Published by Harpers)

Rats, huge ones, dart out of gutters from which they had been driven by the suffocating fumes of sulphur, and, crouching, squeal in search of shelter; quacks, shouting their wares in frantic screams, fall dead, with their profits still in their pockets; funeral pyres in the streets flame in a pestilence-bearing wind. Such are the testimonials of the horror of cholera that gripped Naples.

Black Roses concerns the life of Paul Ritchie, son of an Englishman, and a native woman of Pogerola, a small Italian village. After the death of his father, Paul is placed under the care of his uncle, who wants the boy to be a doctor. Because Paul appreciates beautiful things, because he is fascinated by varieties of shapes and colors, it is inevitable that he should wish to study painting. He is finally permitted to go to Naples, where he leads the typically struggling life of a poor young artist.

Here the "black hunter" enters the story. Cristina, who cooks Paul's meals and cleans the room owned by a young doctor and himself, is the mistress of a huge, dark, dangerous-looking person of whom she is in constant fear. Gradually, Paul pities her, and is outraged when he hears of the treatment which she has been receiving. Cristina helps him, but fears all the while the brutality of the dark hunter should he discover her kindness to Paul.

Then comes the plague. Paul is stricken. He recovers and returns to the street of his former home. The doors of the houses are barred and placarded. After having searched everywhere for traces of his friend, the doctor, and having been unsuccessful in his search for Cristina, he leaves, broken. Later, however, his fiery enthusiasm for beauty and his desire to paint are renewed.

"Daddy, thing me the thong about thonny boy."

The author vividly explains Paul's queerness, Cristina's life of sorrow, fear, and then overwhelming happiness. Nor is the remarkable picture which is created the least of the causes for saying that you will undoubtedly enjoy this book.

Marion Fry.

THE INCREDIBLE BORGIAS
By Klabund
(Translated from the German by Louise Brink)
(Horace Liveright, Inc.)

From the plethora of Biography (with a capital "B") that has flooded the press in recent years, there are perhaps three that have any claim to literary distinction. And the first of these is the *Incredible Borgias.* So incredible are they that there is produced a question in the reader's mind as to the historical value of the book; but no one would care after the first chapter whether or not the book is based on fact.

Klabund has marvelous material for biographical fiction, but the manner in which he writes it is miraculous in its effect. I know of no other modern biographer who has the faculty of presenting fact in such terse, yet poetic, prose. His method is simple, yet baffling. He relates a story in all of its aspects, and then withdraws, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions.

Lucrezia playfully throwing daggers at human targets so as to choose a husband by elimination; Caesare casting his cardinal's robes out of a window; Alexander buying the votes that will make him Pope; Lucrezia calmly announcing to the world that she desires to marry her brother; Caesare naively murdering his brother; Alexander's use of a Papal Bull; the Roman Infant's unexplained birth at the Vatican. And all the while the people cry, "Borgia! Borgia!"

Surely, there is no more exciting tale to be found anywhere; but it is more than thrilling melodrama. *The Incredible Borgias* belongs with its exact opposite, *Orlando,* as the very caviar of distinguished writing.

Borgia! Borgia!

John Carter.

Teacher: If I tear a piece of paper into four, what do I get?

Pupil: Quarters.

Teacher: And if I divide it into eight?

Pupil: Eighths.

Teacher: And if I divide it into 8,000 parts?

Pupil: Confetti, sir.

Buen Humor.

Table Com.: Hey waiter — look! There's a piece of tin in my hash.

The Buck: Sure, Mechanization of the modern age. The machine is everywhere replacing the horse.

Pointer.

"Maybe she's reading a book."

"Na, she can't read."

"Well, then, maybe she's writing a book."

Columbia Jester.

She: Who was this fellow Pan?

Ehs: Why, he was half man and half goat.

She: Ah, my husband!

Dirge.

"And how is Mrs. Bumblesnitch today?" asked the visitor.

"Alas," said the Rev. Bumblesnitch, folding his hands and cocking a weather eye aloft, "we'll never see Mrs. Bumblesnitch again. She has gone to Heaven."

Panther.

Oh the irony of it all; that knowledge is the only rime for college.

Ohio State Sun Dial.

"I can't marry him, mother, he's an atheist, and doesn't believe there is a hell."

"Marry him, my dear, and between us we'll convince him that he's wrong."

Exchange.

A MORAL

Peggy got an outfit
For the Winter Ball:
Brand-new scarlet formal,
Shoes to match and all.
Set of crystal jewelry,
Vanity and fan,
Evening wrap of sable,
And a perfect man.

Was she at the Ball, then,
In her glad array?
Yes: if not entirely,
Partly anyway.

The formal went with Frances,
The scarlet shoes with Kay,
The crystal set with Edith,
The vanity with May.
The fan went with Patricia,
The wrap with Mary Ed;
The man went with her roommate,
And Peggy went to bed.

V. Phillis in Columns.

Visitor: Those are some nice dressing rooms you have near the stadium.

Dean: Dressing rooms? Those are the college buildings.

Siren.

They called her tonsils because the boys only took her out once.

Frivol.

"The laundryman obeys that impulse."
—Yale Record.

Sweet Young Thing: Have a cigarette?

Elderly Lady: What! Smoke a cigarette! Why, I'd rather kiss the first man that came along!

Sweet Young Thing: So would I. But have a cigarette while you are waiting.

Pitt Panther.

The modern flapper sows her wild oats all week, and then goes to church Sunday and prays for a crop failure.

Sniper.

A pinch of salt is greatly improved on a warm afternoon by dropping it in a cold stein of beer.

Mugwump.

Our sympathy goes out to the scientist who bought a vacuum cleaner and then spent fifteen years looking for a dirty vacuum.

Octopus.

Headline in local paper: WOMAN FOUND SANE; MUST DIE.

Black and Blue Jay.

Judge: What brought you here?

Accused: Two policemen.

Judge: I don't mean that—drunk, I presume.

Accused: Both of them.

Reel.

She: They say the young American of today has not the stern fearlessness of his grandfather.

He: Hell! And only this afternoon I saw a bow-legged freshman wearing striped knickers.

Reel.

"Oh, no, dear. I'm sure he's a kind man. I just heard him say he put his shirt on a horse which was scratched."

Herald.

A MILE UP *that's where the* THRILL *is!*

Organize a Flying Club under the auspices of the National Aeronautical Association. Get a group of your friends together and go in for the most thrilling sport the world has ever known—virile, red blooded sport that makes anything you ever tried before seem tame. Write today for comprehensive, authenticated booklet "Organizing A Flying Club." It's free—compliments of the makers of the Great Lakes Trainer. In your letter, tell us of your ideas and what plans you have made; give us the names of your associates, too. We'll be glad to help—and there's no obligation involved.

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THE DIAGNOSIS

"Step in, please. Your wrist. Do you eat much meat? Umm. Yes. I thought so. Climatic conditions in the vicinity of Port Moresby are unique. The rainfall is very slight, and confined strictly to its proper monsoon seasons.

"The chest, please. Thump, thump. Umm. Did you notice that stirring cartoon: 'When will the Panama Canal be Started?' Quite apt. The invention of photo-engraving will see vast strides in the graphic arts.

"Yes, Puck is always very funny. Does it hurt when I press here? Now if I press *hard?* Does, eh? Umm. Serious. The missionaries in Japan seem to be forging ahead. Did you see what the *Literary Digest* has to say about the Titanic disaster? Cogent. Very cogent.

"Have you read anything by that new magazine writer, Joseph Lincoln? Get this filled, and take a capsule after every meal. Some of the more radical commentators claim that the automobile has come to stay. You'll find their comments in the periodicals on my reception-room table. Yes, I read them myself now and then."

Ned Hilton in Judge.

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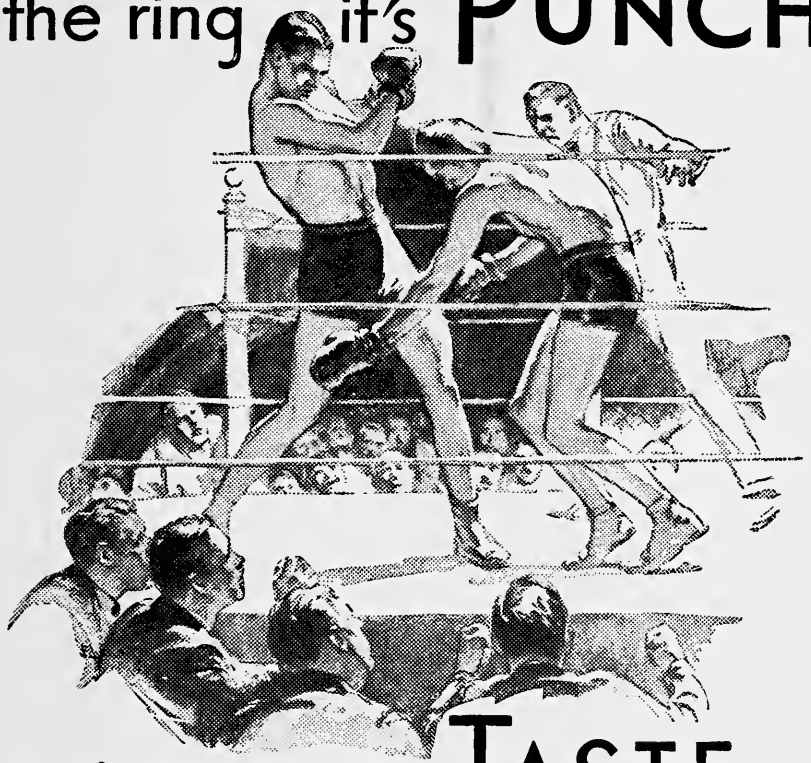
REPAIRING

...in the ring it's PUNCH



...in a cigarette it's TASTE

"STICKIN' to our knittin'"— never forgetting that Chesterfield's popularity depends on Chesterfield's *taste* . . .

But what *is* taste? Aroma, for one thing— keen and spicy fragrance. For another, that satisfying something— flavor, mellow tobacco goodness— which we can only call "character." Taste is what smokers want; taste is what Chesterfield offers—

"TASTE *above everything*"

MILD . . . and yet THEY SATISFY

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FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

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Above Lyon & Healy

"Alas, alack, Hector, I'm engaged to a girl with a wooden leg!"

"Tsk, tsk, Egbert, and have you tried to break it off?"

Beanpot.

The day was warm, the hour was late,
But the Editor's work all had to wait,
With nervous steps he paced the floor
And looked askance at the card he bore—
Then, suddenly, quickly—a timorous rap!
With puzzled expression he answered the tap.
It was a frosh, with face scared, and wet;
"I—I sent you a joke—did you get it, yet?"
The editor groaned, as he looked at that card—
"Not yet," he shrieked . . . "but I'm trying hard!!"

Beanpot.

"I'll expand my chest or bust," said the woman as she went into the gym.

Wisconsin Octopus.

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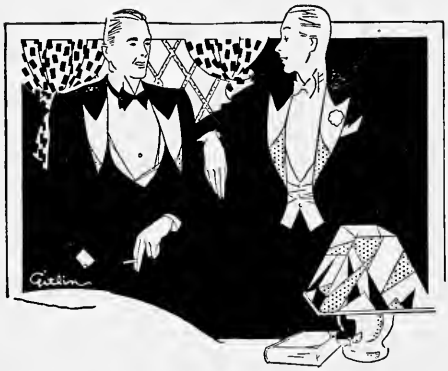

Best Man: **I just came from the sweetest, most refreshing wedding I ever saw.**

Bachelor: **How's that, old timer—don't keep me breathless!**

Best Man: **The bridegroom forgot the ring and used a Life Saver.**

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Put the "grin" in Grind

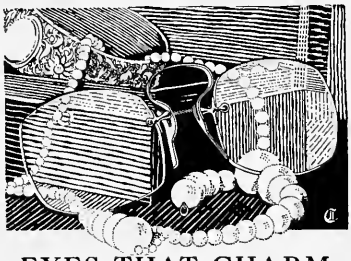
—with the **Pause** that refreshes

When much study is a weariness to the flesh. When you find yourself getting nowhere—fast. Pipe down! Don't take any more punishment! Let go everything! Pause for a moment and refresh yourself.

That's just the time and place when an ice-cold bottle or glass of Coca-Cola will do you the most good. A regular cheer-leader with its happy sparkle and delicious flavor, while its pure, wholesome refreshment packs a big rest into a little minute and gets you off to a fresh start.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

9
MILLION
a day



EYES THAT CHARM

Are Not Impaired by Glasses of the Rimless Type

SHELL rims are popular for sport, for desk work or for reading comfort. Yet wherever people gather and wish to look well, the rimless styles, the Colonial, the Oval, the Leaf, and above all the Puritan, are favored.

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Scientific Opticians

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Orrington at Church Street

Timid Passenger (looking down): It's a long way to the ground!

Bored Aviator: Naw—just a stone's throw.

Judge.

Irate Theatregoer: "Usher, usher! Dammit, I can't find anything about the play in this program."

Condescending Usher: "Sorry, sir, but we had to make room for two new ads."

Stanford Chaparral.

"Honey, I'm knee-deep in love with you."

"All right, I'll put you on my wading list."

Ohio State Sun Dial.

Drunk (bumping into lamp-post): Excuse me, sir. (Bumping into fire hydrant): Excuse me, little boy. (Bumping into second lamp-post and falling down): Well, I'll just sit here until the crowd pas-h-es.

Hulla-Balloo.

The Colonel, touring Europe on his leave of absence, did not forget the ones he left behind. His son received a card from Sparta, sayin':

"This is the cliff from which the Spartans used to throw their defective children. Wish you were here. Dad."

Exchange.

Photographs Live Forever

And if you are going to have one made, you want it to be the kind that will be a pleasant suggestion of the present sometime in the distant future. Let it be a distinguished portrait by Matzene.

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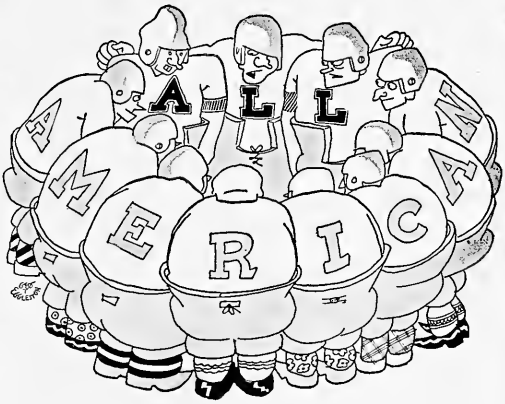

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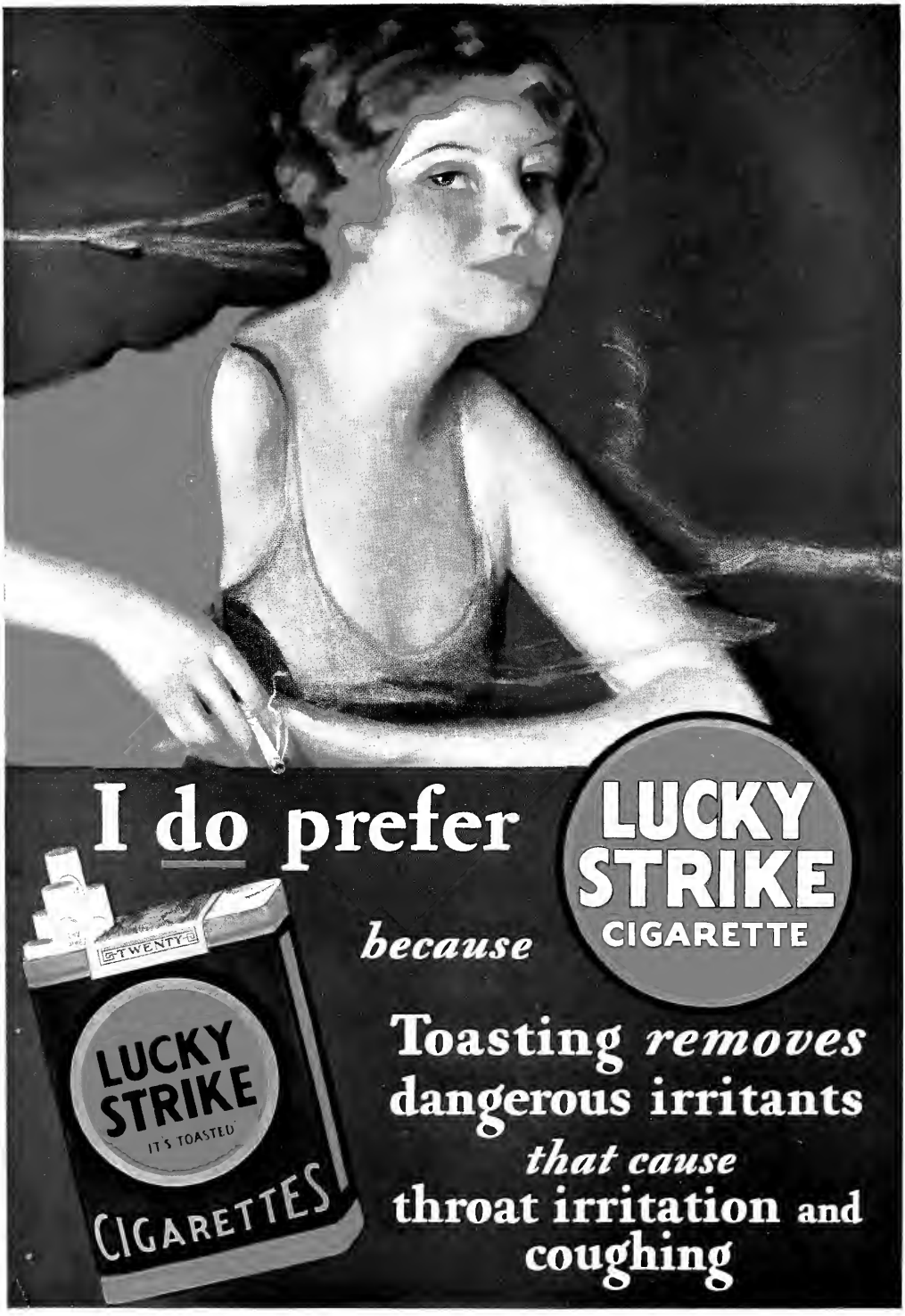
Articles on your travels in Europe, the Orient or our own great Western playground will be acceptable at this time, at our regular rates. Send your manuscripts, with snapshots out of your album of collegiate tours, to the Travel Editor, *College Humor*, 1050 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois. 3,000 words, typed, with return address and postage.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